

# THE PANOLA STAR.

A NEUTRAL PAPER: DEVOTED TO THE MUTUAL INTEREST OF 'OURSELVES, OUR COUNTRY, OUR PATRONS, AND MANKIND GENERALLY.

VOL. I.

PANOLA, PANOLA COUNTY, (MISS.) JANUARY 21ST, 1857.

No. 52.

## THE STAR.

PUBLISHED AT  
PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI.  
EVERY WEDNESDAY.  
BY M. S. WARD,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:  
For One Year, if paid in advance - \$2 00  
If paid within six months - - - 2 50  
After six months - - - - - 3 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
One square, first insertion - - - \$1 00  
Each subsequent insertion - - - 50  
For three months - - - - - 5 00  
For six months - - - - - 8 00  
For one year - - - - - 12 00  
A Liberal Deduction made for larger advertisements.

### JOB WORK

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, from large Hand Bills to Fancy Cards, done with Neatness and Dispatch, and on reasonable terms.

ALL communications must be addressed to M. S. WARD, Esq., Panola, Mississippi.

### The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is evidence of intentional fraud.

### House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTING & GLAZING.

The undersigned having permanently located in Panola, offers his services to the citizens of the town and county of Panola. All work done with neatness and dispatch.

H. W. HARRIS.

### J. W. Clanton, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PANOLA, MISS.

Has removed his office to the room between the Star Office and Dr. Leland's Drug Store, on the west side of the Public Square, where he may be found at all times, unless professionally absent.

MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

FROM and after this date, the Passenger train will make daily trips (Sundays excepted) until further notice, to A. E. Stratton's, five miles south of Senatobia, at which place the train connects with a daily line of Coaches for Panola and Grenada; also where ample arrangements have been made for man and horse by Col. Stratton.

E. M. PATRICK, Superintendent.

### NO MONOPOLY! Opposition & Competition THE LIFE OF TRADE.

I have started a line of splendid four-horse Omnibuses to run from all the Hotels, to all the Railroad Depots, on which passengers can be conveyed with despatch to any part of Memphis. I am also prepared to furnish Hacks, &c., to the country. My friends, and all in favor of fair play

purchase tickets on the

terminating at Memphis, a regular line of Omnibuses, for conveying passengers and baggage to and from the Depots, Hotels, and any other part of the city. Our Omnibuses will be found at the doors of the different Hotels in sufficient time for every train of cars starting from this point.

As the United States Mails are carried on this line, passengers will find it the most safe to patronize us, as the cars never leave until the Mails are delivered by us.

By strict attention and promptness to the travellers wants, we hope to secure a share of the public patronage.

P. M. PATTERSON, & Bro.

June 25-11.

### The Burial of Moses.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day. (Deut. xxxiv, 6.)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.  
And no man dug that sepulcher,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth.  
But no man heard the tramping  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Came when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

Noislessly as the spring time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,  
On gray Both-peak's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie,  
Looked on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hollow spot:  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow the funeral car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marble dress.  
In the great minster transept,  
Where lights like glories fall, [rings  
And the sweet choir sings and the organ  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so  
As he wrote down for man. [sage

And had he not high honor?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state, while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall.  
And the dark rock pines like tossing  
Over his bier to wave, [plumes  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land  
To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave without a name  
Whence his uncrowned clay  
Shall break again, most wondrous tho't,  
Before the judgment day;  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
On dark Both-peak's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—"Sam, I got one of the worst women for a wife dat any igga eber had."  
"Why, Jim, don't she lub you?"  
"Ah, Sam, I tink

Woman's lub is Ingin rubber,  
It stretch de more, de more you lub her.  
s, Jim—  
Woman's lub am like Scotch snuff,  
I got one pinch, an' dat's enough."

"ot long since a youth, older in wit  
than years after being catechised concerning the power of God replied, 'Ma I tink there's one thing God can't do.'  
"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"God can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing sherry cobbler has just got out a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating hops you will acquire aknowledge of waltzing.

### Stuck-up Folks.

"I don't like those people, they are so dreadfully stuck up," was the remark we overheard the other day. What are 'stuck-up' people? thought we, and we have been looking about to see if we could find any.

Do you see that young man over yonder, leaning up to the post at that hotel piazza, twirling a shadow walking stick; now and then coaxing the hair on his upper lip, and watching every lady that passes, not that he cares to see them, but is anxious for them to observe him, he belongs to the stuck-up folks. Well, what is the occasion! Well, he happens to have a rich father, and foolish and vain mother, who has taught him that he ain't common folks at all, and that poverty is almost the same as vulgarity and meanness, and so he has become stuck-up; he doesn't take pains to learn anything, for he doesn't feel the need of knowing any more; he dares not work, for he never was required to, and he is so extensively stuck-up that he hasn't the idea that he will ever come down; he doesn't know, however.

There goes a young woman—lady she calls herself—with the most condescending air to no one in particular and an all-pervading consciousness that creation and the rest of mankind are looking at and admiring her; she has never earned the salt she eats; knows a little, very little, of a great many things, and nothing thoroughly of anything, is most anxious lest she should be troubled to make a selection out of fifty young men, all of whom are dying for her, she supposes; she is one of the stuck-up folks, and that is about all she is.

The oldish gentleman over the way dressed with a half-yard of shirt collar, guarded with a gold-headed cane, with a pompous, patronizing air, do you see him? Well, he is one of those stuck-up folks, too. It has been about ten years since he got off his leather apron, and began to speculate successfully in real estate.

There are other folks of this class: some stuck-up by having at some time been constable, a justice of the peace, an alderman, and in various other ways they got stuck up notions. They are not proud people, for they do not rise to dignity of pride; they are not distinguished folks, for they have not ability or character enough to make them so—they are just what they appear to be—"stuck up." Let them stick.—[Jersey City Courier.

### Pa Does It.

You, Tommie, my son, what's that you are sayin'?

La! me, I just said, confound it.

Why, my son, mother's astonished to hear you talk so. That's naughty.

I says worse than that sometimes. I just cusses right out like anybody. You know all men cusses!

Ah, my son gentlemen do not cuss! Low, trifling men, curse, but gentlemen of good manners and good sense don't.

Well, any how, my pa does it. Run along to play Tommie, and be a little man. Don't say such naughty things!

Enter Father.—Pa, are you a gentleman?

Yes, my son, I try to be one, but what makes you ask such strange questions, Tommie? Who says otherwise?

Nobody, sir, but I was thinking that somebody telled me a story—you or me one.

Thomas, what do you mean? I jest mean pa, that you cusses, and ma says gentlemen don't. And I know you do, cause I heard you cuss the carriage driver the other day, and I have been saying it ever since.

Peggy! Peggy! come take this boy to bed?— [Mobile Tribune.

### Never.

Never tip your beaver to a fine lady, and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged man, or woman, without making a reverential obeisance, unless your house is on fire.

Never break your neck to bow at all to a 'sweet sixteen,' with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother, or to a strutting collegiate who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of keeping a nurse for twins, by constantly talking of 'hard times.'

Never converse with a lady, with a cigar in your mouth, or come in anybody's company without apologizing for the same.

Never remind people of personal deformity; or of the relatives who have disgraced them.

Never leave a letter unanswered and use the stamp which was enclosed to you to 'reply with,' on a letter to your own sweet-heart.

Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, while your widowed sister trudges along on foot; and toil for her daily bread.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant whom you owe for it, or the tailor, whom you have not paid for the making.

Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress, because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her bettered condition.

Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of the constitutional invalid; nor by rude jests and sarcasms, send a blush to the temples of modest merit.

Never jest with a single woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you pitied her lonely condition.

Never go to bed at ten leaving your wife up till two, with a sick baby; and look pitchforks at her at the breakfast table, because the meal is half an hour too late.

Never hear ungenerous strictures upon the conduct of a woman with a quiet smile instead of saying 'in thunder tones,' 'it is false, sir.'

Never fall back from a bargain after the articles of agreement are drawn up and only needs your signature to make them perfect.

Never insult the modest by ribaldry, or the grave by levity, nor the pious by contempt for sacred things.

Never promise unless you are sure to fulfill.

Never fail to take your county paper, and pay for it in advance.

Never be guilty of any one of these offences against decency and propriety; if you are, you are not a gentleman.

A gentleman who resides in North Pearl street went a fishing one day and among other things that he hauled in was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bed room. The next morning Biddy bounced into the breakfast room with the exclamation: "Be jabbers, I've got the devil!" "What devil?" exclaimed he feigning surprise. "The bull bedbug that has been ateing the children for the last month."

'Life,' says the graphic Neal, 'is like a field of blackberry bushes, mean people stoop and pick the fruit, no matter how much they may blacken their fingers; but genius, proud and and perpendicular, stalks on and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his trowsers.'

### Modern Definitions.

Hard Times—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's message.

Love—A little world within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

Progress of Time—A pedler going through the land with wooden clocks.

Politician—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.

Rigid Justice—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Friend—One who takes your money and then turns you out of doors.

Patriot—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.

Honesty—Obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Lovely Women—An article manufactured by milliners— "Who wants but little here below," And wants that little for a show."

Dandy—A 'thing' in pantaloons with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cane—a white handkerchief—two brooches, and a ring on his little finger.

Coquette—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.

Credit—A wise provision by which constables get a living.

Removalence—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it in the other.

### Excerpts.

Critics says that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss. A distinction and a difference.

A witness in a liquor case at Manchester, N. S. gave the following testimony: 'Salsoda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier.'

A minister approached a mischievous urchin, about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: 'My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you.' 'I beleive he has too,' was the unsignificant reply of the urchin.

There is a young lady in Boston so fastidious that she won't admit the bare newspaper into her bed room in the morning; it must have a 'wrapper' on.

A man turned his son out of doors lately, because he wouldn't pay his house rent. A striking instance of pay-rental affection.

What a suspicious monster the man who first invented a lock, but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key!

'Have you Goldsmith's Greece?' asked a gentleman, on entering a bookstore.

'No, sir; but they have some excellent bear's oil in the next door,' replied the new counter boy.

A PECK OF P's.—The following is the name of a worthy divine of the last century: 'Peter Primrose, Parish Priest of Preston Pans.'

The difference between Perseverence and Obsinacy—one is a strong will, the other, a strong won't.

Here is a last 'good thing' about the hoops:

Little Boy—"Ma, what is hush?" Mother—"Why, my dear? why do you ask?"

Little Boy—"Because I asked sister Jane yesterday what made her dress tick out so, and she said 'hush!'"

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat of ladies adrift on the ocean to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, "That's easy told—they would steer to the Isle of Man to be sure!"

An Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness. 'I am here to fight,' said he, 'not to run.'

Chesterfield, having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

Devoted wife: "Oh, what a beautiful monument! wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear?"

### Miscellaneous.

#### New Goods.

With the approach of the Fall and Winter Season, I again invite the attention of my customers, and the public generally, and the "ladies" especially, to my large and well selected stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's

DRESS GOODS, of every grade and variety, direct from the importers of New York, consisting of the latest styles of Silks, Cashmeres, Scotch Plaids, de Laines, fine embroidered Robes, Alpaca Brocade, plain Alpacaes, Challi and solid de Laines and Cashmeres of every shade and color; Trill Persians; a large assortment of plain, fancy and embroidered Shawls, from 4-4 to 12-4—of every quality and at any price; Trimmings, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries of all kinds, Swiss and Jackonet Flouncings; an elegant stock of Mantillas, Flounced, Skeleton and Hoop-ed Skirts, Grass and Dimity do; Gold and Silver Watches, Crochet Needles, Belts, Notions and Fancy Goods too numerous to mention. Ladies' glove kid and patent leather Boots, with and without heels; half and whole Gaiters; kid, buskin and calf Slippers, of every style and quality desired. Gent's fine calf Boots, Oxford Ties, Lasting Nullifiers, Pance de Joue-ville Gaiters, Toilet Slippers, heavy calf Brogans, in any quantity; fine and heavy Boots and Shoes, of any description. The finest and most elegant assortment of

CLOTHING ever brought to this market. An endless variety of

HATS, suited to all parties—both neutral and political; the elegant Metropolitan; the chaste New Yorker; the far-reaching Hungarian; the distinguished Buchanan; the towering Fillmore. A good assortment of all goods not mentioned, such as Hardware, Crockery, Saddlery, Blankets, Kerseys, Linseys, Woolseys, and everything usually kept in our line—all of which we offer on regular terms to cash dealers and punctual customers.

THOS. E. CLARKE.

September 29, 1856.

#### FINE BRANDY and WINE.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, direct from NEW YORK, a lot of fine Brandy and Wine, put up in bottles, for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, among which is the Crescent Brand, vintage of 1810, a very superior article.

THOMAS E. CLARKE.

December 24, 1856-17

#### A NEW STORE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having purchased the entire stock of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES of James L. Fletcher, in Panola, will continue the business at the old stand, where he offers to the public generally every article in his line, at very low prices, for CASH, or on reasonable terms to regular dealers.

I have just received a fresh supply of FALL and WINTER GOODS, in addition to my large and well selected stock on hand, and I invite everybody to call and examine my stock. It is no trouble to show goods at my establishment, whether you purchase or not. I am permanently settled among you, and intend to do a legitimate business upon correct mercantile principles, and shall not be undersold by any one. Give me a call if you want bargains.

WILLIAM P. WATKINS.

December 23d, 1856-17.

J. M. Wiswell & Co., Manufacturers and Dealers in Carriages, Harness, Buggies, &c., &c., No. 37 & 39 Union-st., near Main, n37] Memphis, Ten. [17

M. S. Ward, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Panola, Miss.